the middle of the road. "What troops are these?" he asked.
" Third Division, Eleventh Corps." He made himself known as an officer of the corps staff. My advance patrol had somehow missed him and gone astray. He brought me an order to put my command into camp "right here on both sides of the road.*' I asked him what it was that made my march in this dreadful night necessary, but he did not know. It was so dark that I could not distinguish anything beyond half a dozen feet.
I did discover, however, that on " both sides of the road ″ there were plowed fields. There was water from the rain standing in the furrows and the ridges were softened into a thick mire.
And there my men were to camp. My staff officers scattered themselves to find a more convenient, or less dismal, location for the men, but they soon returned, having, in the gloom, run into camps occupied by other troops. Nothing remained but to stay where we were. The regiments were distributed as well as possible in the darkness. The men could not stretch themselves out on the ground because the ground was covered or soaked with water. They had to sit down on their knapsacks, if they had any, or on their heels, and try to catch some sleep in that position. About midnight the wind shifted suddenly and blew bitterly cold from the north, so bitterly, indeed, that after a while -our outer garments began to freeze stiff on our bodies. I thought I could hear the men's teeth chatter. I

am sure mine did. There we sat, now and then dropping into a troubled doze, waiting for day to dawn. As soon as the first gray of the morning streaked the horizon, there was a general stir. The men rose and tossed and swung their limbs to get their blood into circulation. The feet of not a few were frozen fast in the soil, and when they pulled them up, they left the soles of such shoes as they had, sticking in the hardened mud. The pools of water left by the rain were covered with solid